



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

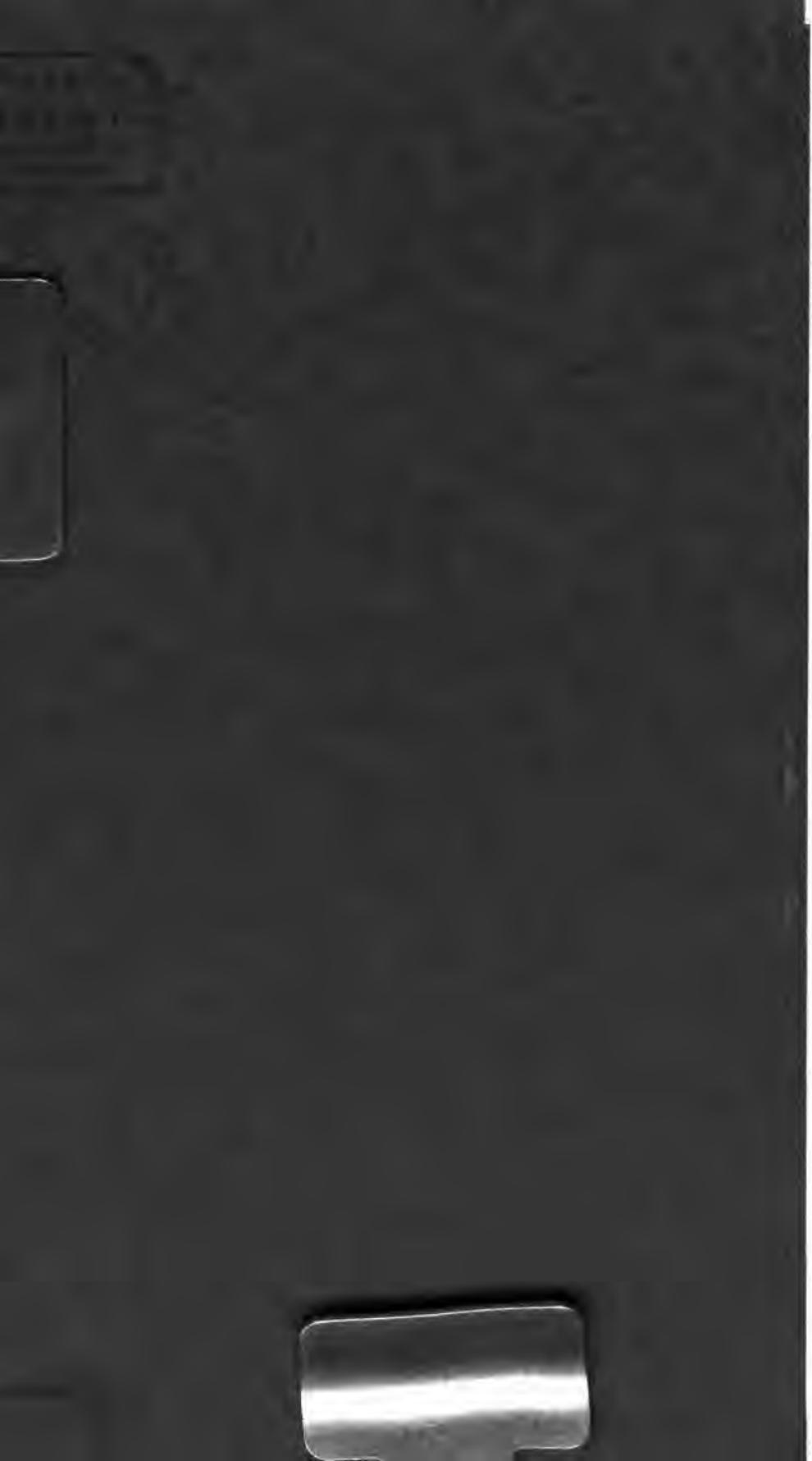
960  
S966  
m

UC-NRLF

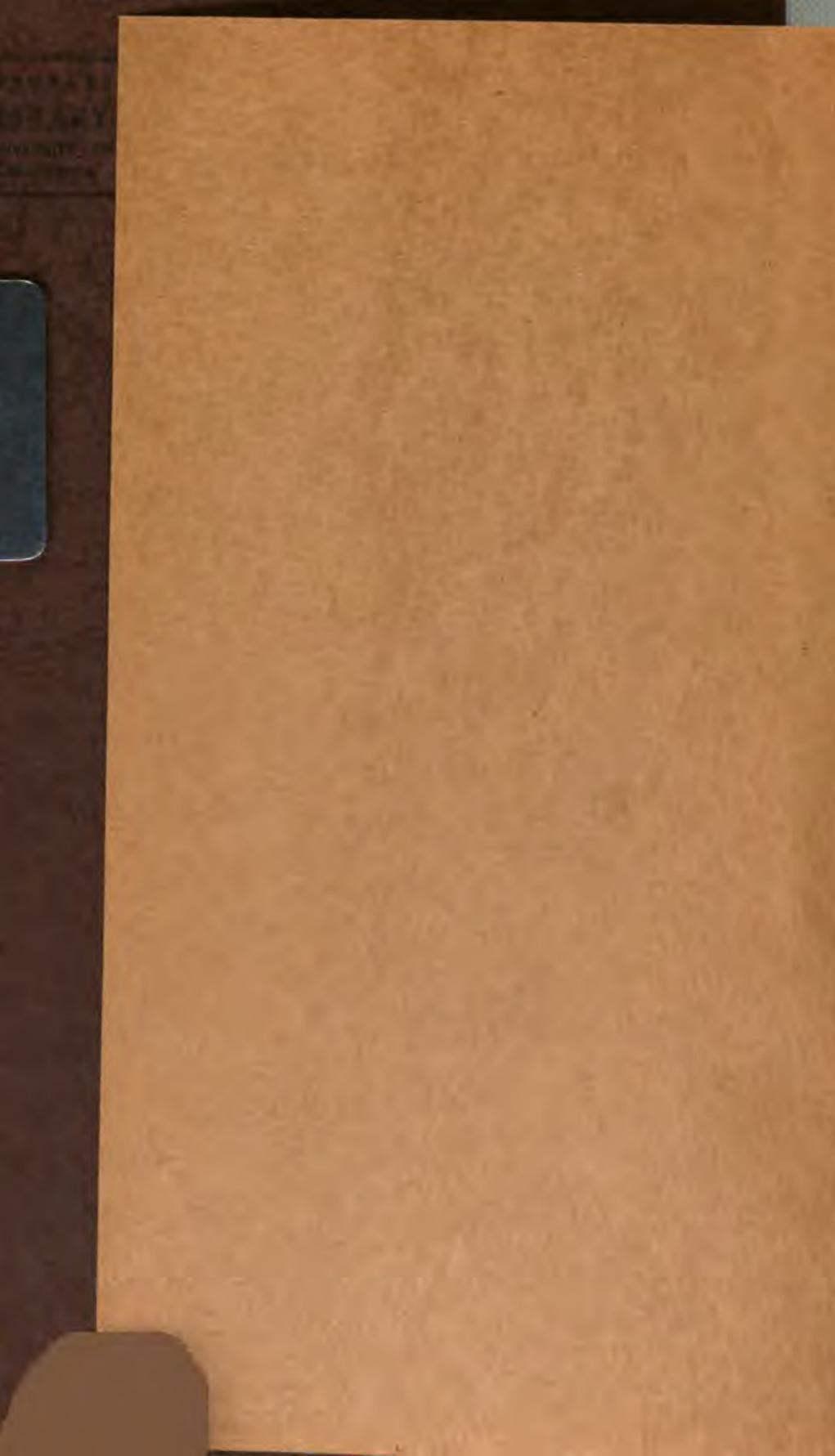


\$B 299 285

YB 3203;



*Gaylord*   
GARDNER RINGER



French's International Copyrighted (in England, her Colonies, and the United States) Edition of the Works of the Best Authors.

No. 238

# A MAKER OF MEN

## A Duologue in One Act

BY  
**ALFRED SUTRO**

Author of "The Walls of Jericho," "A Marriage has been Arranged,"  
"Mollentrave on Women," etc., etc.

— • • —  
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY ALFRED SUTRO  
— • • —

**CAUTION:**—Amateurs and Professionals are hereby warned that "A Maker of Men," being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States is subject to royalty, and any one presenting the play without the consent of the publisher will be liable to the penalties by law provided. Application for the right to produce "A Maker of Men" must be made to Samuel French, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



PRICE 25 CENTS

NEW YORK  
SAMUEL FRENCH  
PUBLISHER  
28-30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON  
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.  
26 SOUTHAMPTON ST.  
STRAND

# FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA

Price 15 Cents each.—Bound Volumes \$1.25.

## VOL. I.

- 1 Ion
- 2 Fazio
- 3 The Lady of Lyons
- 4 Richelieu
- 5 The Wife
- 6 The Honeymoon
- 7 The School for Scandal
- 8 Money

## VOL. II.

- 9 The Stranger
- 10 Grandfather Whitehead
- 11 Richard III
- 12 Love's Sacrifice
- 13 The Gamemaster
- 14 A Cure for the Heartache
- 15 The Hunchback
- 16 Don Cesar de Bazan

## VOL. III.

- 17 The Poor Gentleman
- 18 Hamlet
- 19 Charles II
- 20 Venice Preserved
- 21 Pizarro
- 22 The Love Chase
- 23 Othello
- 24 Lend me Five Shillings

## VOL. IV.

- 25 Virginibus
- 26 King of the Commons
- 27 London Assurance
- 28 The Rent Day
- 29 Two Gentlemen of Verona
- 30 The Jealous Wife
- 31 The Rivals
- 32 Perfection

## VOL. V. [Dobie]

- 33 A New Way to Pay Old
- 34 Look Before You Leap
- 35 King John
- 36 Nervous Man
- 37 Damon and Pythias
- 38 Clandestine Marriage
- 39 William Tell
- 40 Day after the Wedding

## VOL. VI.

- 41 Speed the Plough
- 42 Romeo and Juliet
- 43 Feudal Times
- 44 Charles the Twelfth
- 45 The Bride
- 46 The Foil of a Night
- 47 Iron Chest [Fab Lady]
- 48 Faint Hear Never Won

## VOL. VII.

- 49 Road to Ruin
- 50 Macbeth
- 51 Temper
- 52 Evangeline
- 53 Bertram
- 54 The Duenna
- 55 Much Ado About Nothing
- 56 The Critic

## VOL. VIII.

- 57 The Apostate
- 58 Twelfth Night
- 59 Brutus
- 60 Simpson & Co
- 61 Merchant of Venice
- 62 Old Heads & Young Hearts
- 63 Mountaineers [Irage
- 64 Three Weeks after Mar-

## VOL. IX.

- 65 Love
- 66 As You Like It
- 67 The Elder Brother
- 68 Werner
- 69 Giulietta
- 70 Town and Country
- 71 King Lear
- 72 Blue Devils

## VOL. X.

- 73 Henry VIII
- 74 Married and Single
- 75 Henry IV
- 76 Paul Pry
- 77 Guy Manning
- 78 Sweethearts and Wives
- 79 Serious Family
- 80 She Stoops to Conquer

## VOL. XI.

- 81 Julius Caesar
- 82 Vicar of Wakefield
- 83 Leap Year
- 84 The Cat-spuw
- 85 The Passing Cloud
- 86 Drunkard
- 87 Rob Roy
- 88 George Barnwell

## VOL. XII.

- 89 Ingomar
- 90 Sketches in India
- 91 Two Friends
- 92 Jane Shore
- 93 Corsican Brothers
- 94 Mind your own Business
- 95 Writing on the Wall
- 96 Heir at Law

## VOL. XIII.

- 97 Soldier's Daughter
- 98 Douglas
- 99 Marco Spada
- 100 Nature's Nobleman
- 101 Sardanapalus
- 102 Civilisation
- 103 The Robbers
- 104 Katharine and Petruchio

## VOL. XIV.

- 105 Game of Love
- 106 Midsum' n Night's Dream
- 107 Ernestine [Dreams
- 108 Rag Picker of Paris
- 109 Flying Dutchman
- 110 Hypocrite
- 111 Therese
- 112 La Tour de Nesle

## VOL. XV.

- 113 Irrebrand At It Is
- 114 Sea of Ice
- 115 Seven Clerks
- 116 Game of Life
- 117 Forty Thieves
- 118 Bryan Boromane
- 119 Romance and Reality
- 120 Ugoline

## VOL. XVI.

- 121 The Tempest
- 122 The Pilot
- 123 Carpenter of Rosencrantz
- 124 King's Rival
- 125 Little Treasure
- 126 Dombeay and Son
- 127 Parents and Guardians
- 128 Jewess

## VOL. XVII.

- 129 Camille
- 130 Married Life
- 131 Wenlock of Wenlock
- 132 Rose of Ettrickvale
- 133 David Copperfield
- 134 Alline, or the Rose of
- 135 Pauline [Kilarney
- 136 Jane Eyre

## VOL. XVIII.

- 137 Night and Morning
- 138 Ethelop
- 139 Three Guardsmen
- 140 Tom Cringle
- 141 Henriette, the Forsaken
- 142 Eustache Baudin
- 143 Ernest Malavers
- 144 Bold Dragon

## VOL. XIX.

- 145 Dred, or the Dismal
- 146 Last Days of Pompeii
- 147 Esmeralda
- 148 Peter Wilkins
- 149 Ben the Bosomswain
- 150 Jonathan Bradford
- 151 Retribution
- 152 Minerals

## VOL. XX.

- 153 French Spy
- 154 Wapt of Wish-ton Wish
- 155 Evil Genius
- 156 Ben Bolt
- 157 Sailor of France
- 158 Red Mask
- 159 Life of an Actress
- 160 Wedding Day

## VOL. XXI.

- 161 All's Fair in Love
- 162 Hofer
- 163 Self
- 164 Cinderella
- 165 Phantom
- 166 Franklin [Moscow
- 167 The Gunmaker of
- 168 The Love of a Prince

## VOL. XXII.

- 169 Son of the Night
- 170 Rory O'More
- 171 Golden Eagle
- 172 Kleusi
- 173 Broken Sword
- 174 Rip Van Winkle
- 175 Isabelle
- 176 Heart of Mid Lothian

## VOL. XXIII.

- 177 Actress of Padua
- 178 Floating Beacon
- 179 Bride of Lammermoor
- 180 Catastrophe of the Ganges
- 181 Robber of the Rhine
- 182 School of Reform
- 183 Wandering Boys
- 184 Mazeppa

## VOL. XXIV.

- 185 Young New York
- 186 The Victors
- 187 Romance after Marriage
- 188 Brigand
- 189 Poor of New York
- 190 Ambrose Gwinnett
- 191 Raymond and Agnes
- 192 Gambier's Fate

## VOL. XXV.

- 193 Father and Son
- 194 Massaniello
- 195 Stateen String Jack
- 196 Youthful Queen
- 197 Skelson Wines
- 198 Innkeeper of Ableville
- 199 Miller and his Men
- 200 Aladdin

## VOL. XXVI.

- 201 Adrienne the Actress
- 202 Undine
- 203 Jessie Brown
- 204 Amodeus
- 205 Mormons
- 206 Blanche of Brandywine
- 207 Viola
- 208 Deserted

## VOL. XXVII.

- 209 Americans in Paris
- 210 Victoria
- 211 Wizard of the Wave
- 212 Castle Specie
- 213 Horse-shoe Robinson
- 214 Armand, Mrs. Mowat
- 215 Fashion, Mrs. Mowat
- 216 Glances at New York

## VOL. XXVIII.

- 217 Inconstant
- 218 Uncle Tom's Cabin
- 219 Guide to the Stage
- 220 Veteran
- 221 Miller of New Jersey
- 222 Dark Hour before Dawn
- 223 Midsum' n Night's Dream
- 224 Art and Artifice

## VOL. XXIX.

- 225 Poor Young Man
- 226 Ossawatomie Brown
- 227 Pope of Rome
- 228 Oliver Twist
- 229 Panvrete
- 230 Man in the Iron Mask
- 231 Knight of Arva
- 232 Moll Pitcher

## VOL. XXX.

- 233 Black-Eyed Susan
- 234 Satan in Paris
- 235 Rosina Meadows
- 236 West End, or Irish Heir
- 237 Six Degrees of Crime
- 238 The Lady and the Devil
- 239 Avencher, or Moor of Sicily
- 240 Masks and Faces

## VOL. XXXI.

- 241 Merry Wives of
- 242 Mary's Birthday
- 243 Shaundy Maguire
- 244 Wild Oats
- 245 Michael Erie
- 246 Idiot Witness
- 247 Willow Copas
- 248 People's Lawyer

## VOL. XXXII.

- 249 The Boy Martyr
- 250 Lucretia Borgia
- 251 Surgeon of Paris
- 252 Physician's Daugh
- 253 Shoemaker of Ton
- 254 Momentum Quest
- 255 Love and Loyalty
- 256 Barber's Wife

## VOL. XXXIII.

- 257 Dumb Girl of Gen
- 258 Wreck Aborre
- 259 Clar!
- 260 Rural Felicity
- 261 Wallace
- 262 Madeline
- 263 The Fireman
- 264 Grist to the Mill

## VOL. XXXIV.

- 265 Two Loves and a
- 266 Annie Blake
- 267 Steward
- 268 Captain Kyd
- 269 Nick of the Woods
- 270 Marble Heart
- 271 Second Love
- 272 Dream at Sea

## VOL. XXXV.

- 273 Branch of Promis
- 274 Review
- 275 Lady of the Lake
- 276 Still Water Runs
- 277 The Scholar
- 278 Helping Hands
- 279 Faust and Margue
- 280 Last Man

## VOL. XXXVI.

- 281 Belle's Stratagem
- 282 Old and Young
- 283 Raffaella
- 284 Ruth Oakley
- 285 British Sir ve
- 286 A Life's Ransom
- 287 Girald
- 288 Time Tries All

## VOL. XXXVII.

- 289 Ella Rosenberg
- 290 Warlock of the Gl
- 291 Zelma
- 292 Beatrice
- 293 Neighbor Jackwo
- 294 Wonder
- 295 Robert Emmet
- 296 Green Bubbles

## VOL. XXXVIII.

- 297 Flowers of the Yon
- 298 A Bachelor of Arts
- 299 The Midnight Bar
- 300 Husband of an Hom
- 301 Love's Labor Lost
- 302 Nasid Qasim
- 303 Caprice
- 304 Cradle of Liberty

## VOL. XXXIX.

- 305 The Lost Ship
- 306 County Squire
- 307 Fraud and its Vict
- 308 Putnam
- 309 King and Deserter
- 310 La Fiammina
- 311 A Hard Struggle
- 312 Gwinnett's Vaugh

## VOL. XL.

- 313 The Love Knot
- 314 Lavster, or Not
- 315 The Noble Heart
- 316 Coriolanui
- 317 The Winter's Tal
- 318 Evelleen Wilson
- 319 Ivanhoe
- 320 Jonathan in Eng

(French's Standard Drama Continued on 3d page of Cover.)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City.  
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

# A MAKER OF MEN.

*A DUOLOGUE IN ONE ACT*

BY

## ALFRED SUTRO.

AUTHOR OF

"*The Walls of Jericho*," "*A Marriage has been  
Arranged*," "*Mollentrave on Women*,"  
*etc., etc.*

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY ALFRED SUTRO

CAUTION.—Amateurs and Professionals are hereby warned that "A Maker of Men," being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States, is subject to royalty, and any one presenting the play without the consent of the publisher will be liable to the penalties by law provided. Application for the right to produce "A Maker of Men" must be made to SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York City.

*All rights reserved*

NEW YORK  
SAMUEL FRENCH  
PUBLISHER  
28-30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON  
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.  
26 SOUTHAMPTON ST.  
STRAND

卷之三

1967-1971: 1971-1975: 1975-1980: 1980-1985: 1985-1990:

960  
S 966  
m

## A MAKER OF MEN.

**SCENE**—A little sitting-room in a small house in a far-away street in West Hampstead. It is evening; the lamps are lit and the curtains drawn. The furniture is very simple, its most prominent feature being a cottage piano, which fills a corner; but everything in it, from the chair's upwards, is good of its kind, carefully chosen, and blends harmoniously with its neighbour. The books on the shelves, the wall-paper on which hang good photographs of Rembrandt, da Vinci, and Velasquez, the flowers on the table and mantelpiece, the few bits of old china, brass and pewter, combine to invest the little room with a pleasant atmosphere of refinement and culture.

**CUTHBERT FARRINGDON** and **EDITH**, his wife, are its only occupants. He is a man of forty-two, of medium height, with an eager intellectual face. **EDITH** is ten years younger, a deep-chested woman, with a magnificent figure. Her face is strikingly handsome; the large grey eyes are sunk rather deep, and the extraordinarily long lashes almost throw a veil across them. Her dress, cut a little low at the neck, and with sleeves bare to the elbow, is exceedingly simple, but of excellent taste and design. **EDITH** is sewing, seated in an arm chair by the table, c.; **CUTHBERT**, up R. C., crosses to L., paces the room nervously.

**CUTH.** Only nine! (moves to L.) How the minutes crawl! It seems hours since dinner. (sits L. of table.) Surely the post is late to-night? (goes up into window L.C.) **EDITH.** (is sitting c.) No, dear, the hour's just striking. A quarter-past is the usual time. Are you sure you'll hear to-day?

**CUTH.** Maxwell promised—and he's a man of his word. (up L.C.) "As soon as the directors rise," he said, "I'll pencil you a note." A good fellow, Maxwell; he'll do what he can for me, I know.

**EDITH.** Well, in about ten minutes—

**CUTH.** Yes; we shall know our fate. (comes to back of arm-chair c.) Oh, this means such a lot to me!

**EDITH.** (gently) Cuthbert—

**CUTH.** (comes c.) You think me too sanguine, of course, and all that. But every man in the office is certain that I shall be chosen. Maxwell himself told me that there wasn't much doubt. And, remember, this is the last branch the bank will open, ~~for years~~. They've been going ahead too fast as it is. It's my last chance. (to her c.) But what a chance! Here am I, at forty-two, getting three hundred a year. As manager at Croydon I shall have six hundred, and any amount of possibilities. And such a house! Edie, you'll love it. (sitting on arm of chair c.)

**EDITH.** We've been very happy here.

**CUTH.** Oh, yes, but poor—grindingly poor. We've had to weigh every penny. Now we shall be able to afford a stall in the theatre once in a way—take a little supper at a restaurant. We've been such mice, so far! And it means another servant for you, and less drudgery. Oh, I tell you, (visc and c.) I ask nothing more in life. I'll say, like Malvolio, "Jove, I thank thee!" (to window-sill L.C.) Isn't it strange that postman doesn't come?

**EDITH.** Don't be so excited, dearest. Mr. Maxwell may have forgotten.

**CUTH.** He never forgets; he's the soul of punctuality and order. Oh, no; he has written. The letter's in the postman's bag. Heaven, to think of it! (comes down L. and takes paper off c. table) I'll make that Croydon branch a success, I can tell you. I've got the stuff in me.

**EDITH.** Don't build on it too much, dear Cuthbert. You don't know what the directors may do.

**CUTH.** (sitting L. of table c.) They may pass me over, of course, but I don't think it likely. There's only one other man in the running—Pegwell. (starts up) And Pegwell's my junior by three years. He's a smart chap, but he's my junior, and the directors are very conservative. It's pretty long odds on me. Oh, if it doesn't come off—if it doesn't—don't be afraid, Edie. (rises, down L.) I'll bear it like a man.

**EDITH.** I'm sure of that, Cuthbert.

**CUTH.** (to L. of EDITH back of table, sitting on table) I really don't care for myself; it's for you that I want it—for you. We've been married nine years—and a poor time you've had of it! You, the prettiest of the three sisters—and see how the others have married!

**EDITH.** (smiling) Do you think I am dissatisfied?

**CUTH.** (is sitting on EDITH's L.) Ah, with your maid-of-all-work, and the three children upon your hands the

whole of the day; you must often and often have wished —oh, never mind that now! It's over—I know that it's over! Six hundred a year; and a house—that's equal to seven hundred and twenty. And there are big opportunities; as the bank prospers the manager prospers with it. (taking out a pocket-watch behind his back) Ah, Edie, no more sitting up late in the night sewing and darning, and having to make your own dresses!

EDITH. That's not a hardship; and does my lord think that I dress so badly?

CUTH. (embracing her) You! Is there anything you do badly? That dress you have on to-night—it's my favourite too—

EDITH. I put it on for you, this being a special occasion, for good or for ill. That's a thing that's so sweet about you; you notice what one has on. Most men wouldn't.

CUTH. Most men, poor things, haven't wives like mine. Hark! That's the postman's knock, next door. (going to window L.C.) . . . . Confound him, what is he waiting for? Draw, pay him to stand on the doorstep and gossip? . . . . Here he comes, here he is. (goes to door; L., and returns to C.) I'll bid the girl bring it in.

EDITH. (rising and going to CUTHERBERT, C., throwing her arms round him and) Cutther—

CUTH. (disengaging himself gently) All right! Don't be afraid, deare . . . . If the news is bad I shall stand it. . . . Sit down. . . . Why doesn't that girl bring the letter? (goes to door, L.) Can't she tear herself from her watched novelties? Ah, there she goes—at last! . . . . She's taken it out! Ah! (comes in, A; knock) Come in!

4. trim little MAID enters L., with a letter on a salver which she gives to CUTHERBERT, who takes it and balances it feverishly in his hands. She turns to EDITH.

MAID; (op-L.C.) Oh, if you please, mire—

CUTH. (pleasantly). Not now, Mary. To-morrow.

The MAID goes L. CUTHERBERT walks to EDITH and gives her the letter.

CUTH. (c.) Here, you open it, Edie. Our fate's in there. Let me have it from you.

EDITH opens the envelope; there is a small pencilled note inside; she glances at it and lets her head fall.

CUTH. (c., drops of perspiration falling down his face) Edie!

*She holds out her hand to him; he strides towards her takes the letter, and reads it.*

CUTH. (c., hoarsely) Regrets. . . . Pegwell. . . .  
Ah. . . . Oh, all right. . . . I might have known.  
(throws letter into fire.)

EDITH. (rising, with outstretched arms) Cuthbert!  
CUTH. (impatiently, moving away) All right. . . .  
(crosses L.) I'm all right. . . . It's frightfully hot in  
here, isn't it? Do you mind if I open the window? (he  
flings the sash open and stands there, his back turned  
to her.)

EDITH. (c.) You'll catch cold.  
CUTH. (closing the window with a bang, and coming down L.)  
Pegwell! Of course! I might have known!

EDITH. (sit c.) Has he any influence?  
CUTH. (sitting L. of c. table) Perhaps. It may be. My  
luck! My cursed luck! It was my last chance. Here  
am I, with three hundred a year, rising twenty pounds  
annually till it reaches four hundred and fifty. Eight  
years—I shall be fifty then. And at sixty they pension me  
off; and we spend the rest of our days in some wretched  
little country cottage. That's our future. (rising) I'm  
done—finished. (crosses R.C. to stool.)

EDITH. (rises; goes to him. Gently) You said you'd be  
brave.

CUTH. (sitting on stool R.C.) One man after the other  
has passed me, and I started pretty well, too. A clerk  
in a bank, of course; but there were opportunities. Now  
I'm shunted—stuck in a siding for the rest of my life.  
Edie, you've married an ass, and that's the plain truth  
of it.

EDITH. (kneeling by him) We know better, you and I.  
CUTH. I'm a failure, a rank, rotten failure. Oh, yes,  
I am; I know it, and you know it. We used to think—I  
did, at least—that I was no end of a clever fellow. I had  
my theories; my ideas—I was going to write a book on  
banking that was to astonish the world. My dear, that  
book will never be written.

EDITH. Oh, yes, it will.  
CUTH. Never. There's piles and piles of MS. shut up  
in that drawer; and you, poor darling, have listened to  
the dull stuff over and over again. But there's nothing  
in it. I'm like all dull men—I've a glimmer of an idea,  
but when I try to express it it eludes me. That's the  
truth. I fancied myself above the average; the fact is,  
I'm below it.

EDITH. (sitting back on floor and pulling him down) I'm

no fool ; I've a fairly clear intellect and a fairly sound judgment. I believe in you ; I believe in your book ; I believe in your future.

CUTH. My future ! Ah, Edie, it isn't really favouritism that has put these other men above me, men who are my juniors. It's because they were better men than I. I've known it in my heart a long time. And I'll tell you something else, that I've been ashamed to tell you before. I had a great chance, three years ago. Never mind how, it would take a long time to tell, and it's an intricate matter ; but one of our biggest clients was swindling us, and I might have found it out. I didn't. No one could blame me, of course. I had done all my routine work well enough. But there it was.

EDITH. Did anyone else discover it ?

CUTH. No, but I might have. It's like the born whist-player, who divines what his partner holds. The bank was let in for a hundred thousand. And the maddening thing is, that I had a vague suspicion. But I just lacked the something—in point of fact, the brain. No one could blame me, everything was right as far as I was concerned, but Fortune had knocked at my door and I wouldn't open. The directors said nothing, of course. What could they say ? But that's why I've been passed over, and am passed over to-day. I hoped they'd forgotten ; they haven't. There ! I've got it off my chest. I shall be a wretched bank clerk for the rest of my days. I've made a hash of my life—and, what's worse, of yours. (turns to her.)

EDITH. (long pause) Finished ?

CUTH. (is sitting on stool R.C. ; smiles) Yes, I've said my say. Now you know all about it. Now you see what sort of man you've had the bad luck to marry.

EDITH. (is kneeling on his left. Gently ; comedy) I'm afraid I'm not as sorry for myself as I should be.

CUTH. (holding her hands) Ah, of course, you won't admit it. But when I look at you now, why, with all the hard work, and slaving, and the three children, (taking her face) you're as pretty to-day as you were when I married you.

EDITH. You dear !

CUTH. You manage to dress on tuppence a year, and look as though you were turned out in Bond-street ; you're a splendid musician ; you find time to read and to think of what you read ; in fact, you a remarkable woman, and you deserved to marry a man who was worthy of you.

EDITH. Like Tom ?

CUTH. Why not? Hilda can't hold a candle to you; and her husband has ten thousand a year!

EDITH. A house in Park Lane, a yacht, a motorcar, and a most shocking temper.

CUTH. That's all very well. Edie, Edie, you must have said these things to yourself many a time!

EDITH. Every day after lunch.

CUTH. (rise and go to fireplace) You've never murmured, of course, or complained; it's not your way. But that's what galls me. (EDITH rises and stands R.C.) There was the golden chance. I let it go by. Fool! Fool! And you, my poor darling, denied every luxury, every trifle, that sweetens life!

EDITH. You needn't be sorry for me.

CUTH. For whom else? I'm all right. I go out in the morning, come back at night; (taking her hands) and there you are, waiting for me, always the same, always with a smile on your lips. But how have you passed the day? The little dinner's ready, as dainty a dinner as a man could desire, but who has cooked it? You. What have you done during those long and tedious hours? You have been with the children, all the time with the children. You have been teaching, dusting, darning, sewing, mending. On whom does the burden of our wretched poverty fall? Not on me. On you.

EDITH. You need not be sorry for me, dear Cuthbert. (going to table and folding up work.)

CUTH. Ah, but I am! When I think of your sisters, the lives they lead! When I see other men getting on in the world! And I—what have I done? Nothing!

EDITH. (sits c.; pause, and going to him R.C.) You have made a woman love you.

CUTH. (to her c.) Oh, and I'm grateful! If I hadn't that! But I've a terrible fear at times that there must be something of pity in that love, Edie, (a step away R.C.) something almost of contempt.

EDITH. Cuthbert! pity, contempt! If I had not the deepest respect and admiration for you (catching his arm), there could be no love. You mustn't say such things; you mustn't think them, not for an instant. My life is the same as millions of women; but most husbands are satisfied, and say that is all a woman is fit for. (stop, and change) You have shared every burden of mine, as far as a man could share it, and therefore it has been no burden but only a labour of love. You have given me all that a man can give to his wife except luxury, and that I don't need.

CUTH. (*singing to fireplace R.*) Put it as you will, my poor child, it's drudgery all the same, monotonous, incessant drudgery. And why should you be a drudge—You? Why should you have to bear all the labour of the house?

EDITH. (*rise up C. and slowly down L. and to o.*) Ah, the dear little house! I look after it, yes; it's my toy, my plaything. So much of it is the work of my hands and yours! (*down*) There isn't a pretty thing in it that does not stand for happy walks in the evening, when we pondered and hesitated could we afford to buy it, or no. (*sits B. on his L.*) This wall-paper that we put up ourselves, the bookcase, the brackets you carved, the curtains I made—oh, Cuthbert, this house is so intimately of us, so truly our home, that I should have been sorry to leave it! We came here together after our honeymoon; we have lived in it ever since, and I thought we had both been happy—

CUTH. Because of you, always you! Your management, your pinching and scraping, of which I see nothing! Just think (*sitting on stool R., back to audience*) what you might have done with the extra money!

EDITH. It would have been pleasant, of course; but, after all, are we so badly off? We live comfortably, we put a little by every year, we give our mite to the poor. (*rising*) Cuthbert, you have hurt me to-night.

CUTH. (*anxiously, sitting back to audience*) Edie!

EDITH. Yes, you have hurt me. (*sitting; CUTHBERT embraces her*) Why depreciate yourself? That wounds me. What if you do lack the faculty some men possess of making a great deal of money? Is money everything? And shall you hang your head, call yourself a failure, because this appointment has gone to another man?

CUTH. I was his senior, you see. I had a claim.

EDITH. And then? It's for me you are sorry, you say. Do you think I care? (*leaning on his R. shoulder*) When we play our duets together, when we talk of the books we have read, don't you think I value that more than if you made millions, and when you came home could speak of nothing but stocks and shares? Oh, be as ambitious as you like—and you have the power, you can do far more than you think—but within these four walls, in our home, you, husband and father, have achieved a great deal, a very great deal. And you mustn't think otherwise. I will not endure it.

CUTH. Edie!

EDITH. No I will not. (*rising*) Ah, I know Hilda shakes her head, and talks of poor Edie! I never have "a good time," she says. (*sit c.*) A good time! Do I want to invite smart young men to tea, do that dreary daily round of the park, and talk scandal with other women? Do I yearn to play bridge and golf? . . . Don't be sorry for me, Cuthbert.

CUTH. (*to L. of chair c.; sitting on table, leaning over L. of EDIE*) Oh, Hilda's not so far out. Your life is all work, work, work, from morning till night. And what can I do for you?

EDITH. Nothing but love me. (*CUTHBERT takes her hands*) We love each other, you and I. We are not like some husbands and wives, who think a holiday no holiday unless they spend it apart. Wedon't want to flirt with other men and women. (*pause*) You don't see my wrinkles; you don't notice that my complexion has faded.

CUTH. It hasn't!

EDITH. You see? Your love throws a kind of glamour around me. (*CUTHBERT embraces her*) Nothing in this world gives a woman more happiness than that. You are not only my husband, you are my lover. I look forward to your coming home, night after night, as eagerly as in the first days. You give me the same little attentions and courtesies as when we were engaged. I try to dress prettily to please you: I make my own dresses, and the work is pleasant, because it is done for you. We love each other, and in this great foolish world that is the one thing that counts. Is it not?

CUTH. Yes, yes, my darling, yes! (*comes to L. of table and sits*) But, still, you can't think how glad I should have been to be able to relieve you a little. To give you a little more leisure! Have a nurse, so that at least you might be spared the children about you all day.

EDITH. The children!

CUTH. The appalling weariness of it! From morning till night! Ah, you've said nothing of them!

EDITH. No, I have said nothing of the children, your children and mine, the children you gave me, our three sons. . . . I spend the whole day with them, yes, and day after day. I've no nurse, and desire none. . . .

Some women may consider this drudgery. Let them! (*rising*) I am your children's nurse, I am their mother. (*turn away from him and picture it*) When they came into the world they lay on my breast and I fed them. They are mine, all mine (*turn to him*) and yours; no one came between us. And as then I nourished their body, so do I

now feed their heart and brain on all that is best in me. . . . I give what I have. . . . I teach them, they teach me more. . . . I watch their tender minds throw out shoots day after day. I watch them expand, develop. . . . They need me—I'm there, I give. . . . These three sons of ours, yours and mine, shall, God willing, grow into fine, noble men; and shall I not have done my very good part? Am I to be pitied, do you think, I, who (up) make men? (up.)

CUTH. (wonderingly) Edie!

EDITH. (raising him and taking him c.) I, with my husband and children, with my rich full life! (away from him r.c.) I, the happiest woman on earth!

CUTH. (throwing his arms round her and going to her) Edie, Edie!

EDITH. (placing her hands on his shoulders) The happiest woman on earth! Are you not the real husband, the lover, the one man who has made my heart beat? Is your kiss not as sweet to me to-day as it was in our honeymoon? I loved you before our children were born—how much more do I love you now, in them (pause) and through them! (chance) Cuthbert! Cuthbert! Let us never speak of these things again. They are too sacred. You were unhappy; I have let you look into my soul. And, oh, my dear one, let us be content with this great joy of ours, and ask nothing more, (pause) lest what we have be taken; and nothing the world has to offer could atone for what we have, we two—our children, our great and wonderful love. . . .

*For a moment they stand face to face, looking into each other's eyes; then CUTHBERT kisses her almost reverently on the lips.*

} **SLOW CURTAIN, ON LAST WORD.**

**JUST PUBLISHED**

# **What Happened to Jones**

**An Original Farce in Three Acts**

**By GEORGE H. BROADHURST**

## **CAST OF CHARACTERS**

**JONES, who travels for a hymn-book house**

**EBENEZER GOODLY, a professor of anatomy**

**ANTONY GOODLY, D.D., Bishop of Ballarat**

**RICHARD HEATHERLY, engaged to Marjorie**

**THOMAS HOLDER, a policeman**

**WILLIAM BIGBEE, an inmate of the Sanitarium**

**HENRY FULLER, superintendent of the Sanitarium**

**MRS. GOODLY, Ebenezer's wife**

**CISSY, Ebenezer's ward**

**MARJORIE,** } *Ebenezer's daughters*

**MINERVA,** } *Ebenezer's daughters*

**ALVINA STARLIGHT, Mr. Goodly's sister.**

**HELMA, a servant**

## **SYNOPSIS OF SCENES**

**ACT 1.—**Handsomely furnished room in home of Ebenezer Goodly.

**ACT 2.—**The same.

**ACT 3.—**The same.

This is the jolliest sort of a farce, clean and sparkling all the way through. A professor of anatomy is lured to a prize fight and the police make a raid on the "mill." The professor escapes to his home, followed by Jones, a traveling salesman, who sells hymn books when he can and playing cards when he cannot. The police are on the trail, so Jones disguises himself by putting on a Bishop's garb, and a lot of funny complications ensue. The other funmakers are aided not a little by an escaped lunatic. This celebrated farce has been a tremendous success for years on the professional stage and is now published for the first time.

**PRICE, 50 CENTS**

SEND FOR A NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

(French's Standard Drama Continued from 2d page of Cover.)

VOL. XL.	VOL. XLIV.	VOL. XLVII.	VOL. L.
391 The Pirate's Legacy	345 Drunkard's Doom	369 Saratoga	393 Fine Feathers
392 The Charcoal Burner	346 Chlunney Corner	370 Never Too Late to Mem'	394 Prompter's Bd
393 Adelitha	347 Fifteen Years of a Drunk	371 Lily of France	395 Iron Master
394 Senor Valiente	348 No Thoroughfare, F'ard's	372 Led Astray	396 Engaged
395 Forest Rose	349 Peep O' Day	373 Henry V	397 Pygmalion & t
396 Duke's Daughter	350 Everybody's Friend	374 Unequal Match	398 Leah
397 Camilla's Husband	351 Gen. Grant	375 May or Dolly's Delusion	399 Scrap of Paper
398 Pure Gold	352 Kathleen Mavourneen	376 Allatoona	400 Lost in London
VOL. XLII.			
399 Ticket of Leave Man	353 Nick Whiffles	377 Enoch Arden	401 Octofoon
400 Fool's Revenge	354 Fruits of the Wine Cup	378 Under the Gas Light	402 Confederate Spy
401 O'Neill the Great	355 Drunkard's Warning	379 Daniel Rochat	403 Mariner's Return
402 Handy Andy	356 Temperance Doctor	380 Castle	404 Ruined by Drunk
403 Pirate of the Isles	357 Aunt Dinah	381 School	405 Dreams
404 Fanchon	358 Widow Freeheart	382 Home	406 M. P.
405 Little Barefoot	359 Frost Frou	383 David Garrick	407 War
406 Wild Irish Girl	360 Long Strike	384 Our	408 Birth
VOL. XLIII.			
397 Pearl of Savoy	361 Lancers	385 Social Glass	409 Nightingale
398 Dead Heart	362 Lu Ille	386 Daniel Drus	410 Progress
399 Ten Nights in a Bar-room	363 Randal's Thumb	387 Two Roses	411 Play
400 Dumb Boy of Manchester	364 Wicked World	388 Adrienne	412 Midnight Charge
401 Belphegor the Mountebank	365 Two Orphans	389 The Bells	413 Confidential Clerk
402 Cricket on the Hearth	366 Colleen Bawn	390 Uncle	414 Snowball
403 Printer's Devil	367 Twixt Axe and Crown	391 Courtship	415 Our Regimen
404 Meg's Diversion	368 Lady Clancorthy	392 Not Such a fool	416 Married for Money
VOL. XLVI.			
VOL. XLIX.			
VOL. L.			
VOL. LI.			
VOL. LL.			
VOL. LIL.			
VOL. LIL.			

## FRENCH'S INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHTED EDITION OF THE WORKS OF THE BEST AUTHORS.

The following very successful plays have just been issued at 25 cents per copy.

- ▲ **PAIR OF SPECTACLES.** Comedy in 3 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 8 male, 3 female characters.
- ▲ **FOOL'S PARADISE.** An original play in 3 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 6 male, 4 female characters.
- THE SILVER SHIELD. An original comedy in 3 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 5 male, 3 female characters.
- THE GLASS OF FASHION. An original comedy in 4 Acts by SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of "Sowing the Wind," &c. 5 male, 5 female characters.

### Contents of Catalogue which is sent Free.

Amateur Drama	Evening's Entertainment
Amateur Operas	Fairy and Home Plays
Articles Needed by Amateurs	French's Costumes
Art of Scene Painting	French's Editions
Baker's Reading Club	French's Italian Operas
Boards, Whiskers, Mustaches, etc.	French's Parlor Comedies
Bound Sets of Plays	French's Standard and Minor Drama
Bulwer Lytton's Plays	French's Standard and Minor Drama bound
Burlesque Dramas	French's Scenery for Amateurs
Burnt Cork	Frobisher's Popular Recitals
Cabman's Story	Grand Army Dramas
Carnival of Authors	Guild's Books for Amateurs
Charade Plays	Guide to Selecting Plays
Children's Plays	Hints on Costumes
Comic Dramas for Male Characters only	Home Plays for Ladies
Costume Books	Irish Plays
Crape Hair	Irving's Plays
Cumberland Edition	Juvenile Plays
Darkey Dramas	Make-Up Book
Dramas for Boys	Make-Up Box
Drawing-room Monologues	Mock Trial
Elocution, Reciters and Speakers	Mrs. James's Wax Works
Ethiopian Dramas	New Plays

New Recitation Books
Nigger Jokes and Stump Speeches
Parlor Magic
Parlor Pantomimes
Pieces of Pleasure
Poems for Recitations
Plays for Men - Characters only
Round Games
Scenery
Scriptural and Historical Dramas
Sensation Dramas
Serio-Comic Dramas
Shadow Pantomimes
Shakespeare's Plays for Amateurs
Shakespeare's Plays
Stanley's Dwarfs
Spirit Game
Tadpoles Vivants
Talma Actor's Art
Temperance Plays
Vocal Music of Shakespeare's Plays
Webster's Acting Edition
Wigs, etc.

(French's Minor Drama Continued from 4th page of Cover.)

VOL. XII.	VOL. XIII.	VOL. XIV.	VOL. XV.
391 Adventures of a Love	399 As Like as Two Peas	401 Scarcity	401 What to Do With Him
392 'ost Child [Letter]	390 Presumptive Evidence	402 For His & a Million	402 Which is Which
393 Court Cards	391 Happy Hand	403 Cobb's Cat	403 City of Tea
394 Cox and Box	392 Clingy	404 Faerie Bird	404 A Good Young Man
395 Forty Winks	393 Mock Trial	405 Valentine's Day	405 Honor Bound
396 Wonderful Woman	394 My Uncle's Wife	406 Show of Hands	406 Playing it Mean
397 Curious Case	395 Happy Face	407 Tumors	407 My Lord in Love
398 Tweedleton's Tall Coat	396 My Town Nelly	408 Who's Who	

**SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City.**

New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request.

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS  
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN  
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY  
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH  
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY  
OVERDUE.

1 The  
2 Beau  
3 How  
4 The  
5 The  
6 His  
7 The  
8 The  
9 The  
10 Pride  
11 Used  
12 The  
13 The  
14 Luke  
15 Beau  
16 St. Pa  
17 Capin

17 The S  
18 White  
19 The J  
20 The S  
21 Box at  
22 Bambe  
23 Wildov  
24 Robert  
25 Stev  
26 Omnis  
27 Irish L  
28 Maid o  
29 The Oh  
30 Raising  
31 Slasher  
32 Naval

33 Cockn  
34 Who S  
35 Bonita  
36 Machet  
37 Irish A  
38 Delicat  
39 The W  
40 All the  
V  
41 Grumha  
Brads  
42 Rough J  
43 Bloomer  
44 Two Bo  
45 Born to  
46 Kiss in  
47 'Would  
48 Kill or C

V4

49 Box and  
50 St. Capin  
51 Go-to-God  
52 The Laws  
53 Jack Shad  
54 The Poor  
55 The Mob  
56 Ladies B  
VO  
57 Morning  
58 Peppin  
59 Dear as a  
60 New Foo  
61 Pleasant  
62 Paddy th  
63 Brian O'I  
64 Irish Ass  
VO

65 Temporalis  
66 Paddy Ca  
67 Two Greg  
68 King Chan  
69 Po-on-hon  
70 Glendensak  
71 Married B  
72 Love and

VOL. X.

73 Ireland and America  
74 Young Men of Business  
75 Irish Brazen-maker  
76 To Paris and Back for  
Five Pounds  
77 That Blessed Baby  
78 Our Gal  
79 Silver Cottage  
80 Young Widow

158 Penitent Ootchman  
VOL. XX.

159 Minard Bell  
159 Great Tragedy Revival  
160 High Low Jack & Game  
161 A Gentleman from Ire  
162 Town and Jerry Band  
163 Village Lawyer  
164 Capinin's not A-miss  
165 amateurs and Actors

Game  
170 Fighting by Proxy  
VOL. XXX.

171 Unprotected Females  
172 Pet of the Petticoats  
173 Forty and Fifty Book  
174 Who Stole the Pocket  
175 My Son Diana [iron  
176 Unswarriable Int'n  
177 Mr. and Mrs. White  
178 A Quiet Family

179 Day's Fishing  
180 Did you ever  
VOL. X.

181 An Irishman's  
182 Cousin Fannie  
183 'Tis the Dark  
184 Masquerade  
185 Crowding th  
186 Good Night's  
187 Man with the  
188 Terrible Tins

(French's Minor Drama Continued on 3d page of Cover.)

LD 21-50m-1, '33

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City.  
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request.

*Gaylord*   
GANDHIFT RINDER



*gaggen*  
PAMPHLET BINDER  
Syracuse, N. Y.  
Stockton, Calif.

YB 32031

